

states arcane

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two



It bursts behind my socket and yanks on my optic nerve. It might be that I've started to drink coffee lately, but then I read that sugar and caffeine is good for this? It pulses up the right side of my brain, clawing at my skull with its crippling grip. Remember those times I couldn't function at work in the afternoons and my sight went patchy, so you had to drive me home? Waves of nausea now. I make it to the bathroom in time to spew streaks of yellow bile into the pan before I'm left flailing around on the cold linoleum floor. I can finish bottles of whiskey and rum in the evening and be sober for church in the morning, so why can't I hold down water now? I take a shower, but sit. It's before 5 AM and I'm under the spray of rattling water and thoughts.

take more pills

book an eye exam

research daith piercings

drill a hole into your head.

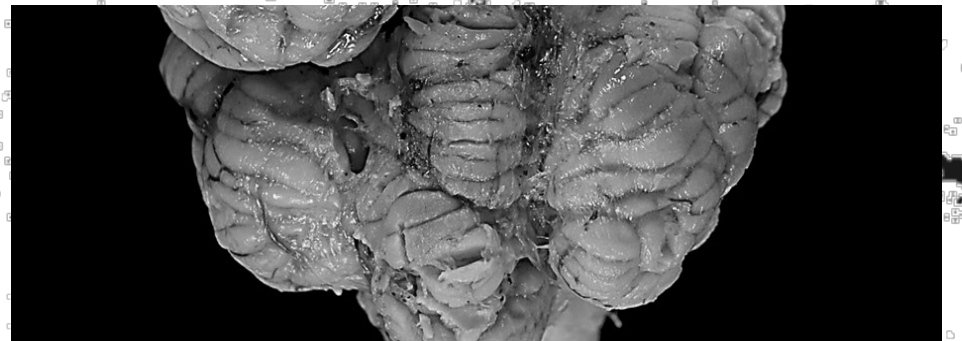
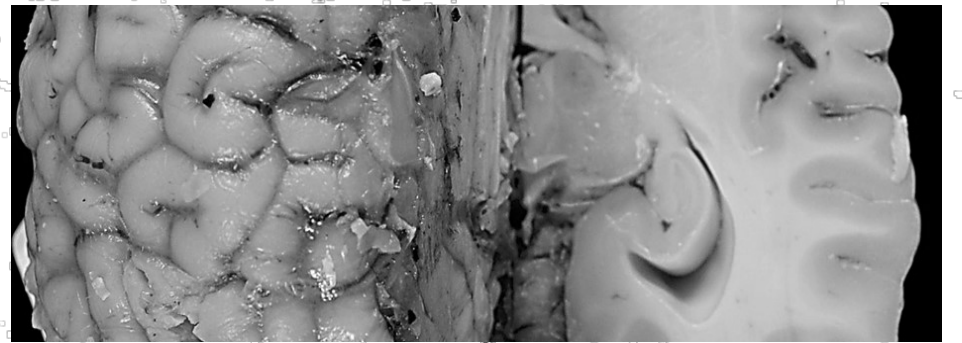
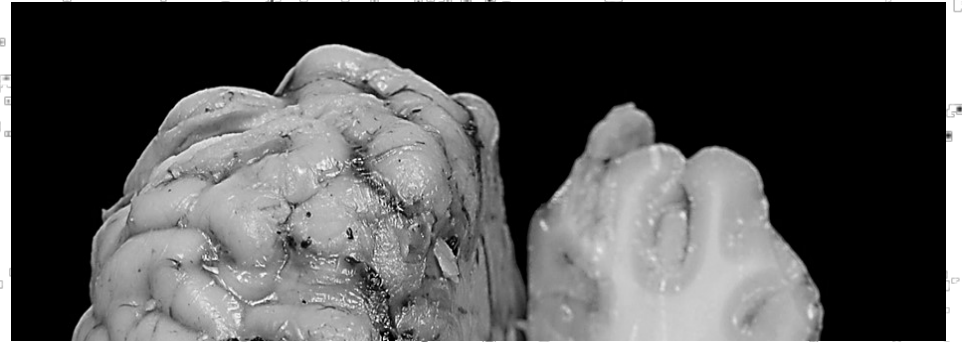
I brushed my teeth. Paste and spittle ran from my retarded mouth. It slopped onto my fat fuck swollen gut and dribbled into the sink.

Disgusted, I looked at my shitstained frame (and beneath) and realised there's much more to be ashamed about.



alharaca
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trepanning



pikit mata



deep breath \ the worst of it all was everything your silence said as i was trying to explain \ deep breath